THE REASONS OF THE New Convert's TAKING THE OATHS TO THE Present Government.

By the Author of the Reasons of Mr. Bay's Conversion.

In a Dialogue. by Tom Brown

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The Preface to the READER.

THere needs nothing more be said concerning the following Dialogue, then that it was written about a Month agoe, as several Gentlemen in Town know very well; and that it had been then Published, but for a particular Reason, that is, not perhaps so very convenient to be told. The Author is not so great a Fool, as to imagine that a little fair Language in the Preface will make any sensible Reader think the better of his Performance; only he begs leave to acquaint him with the occasion of Printing it at this time; especially when so many People of such different Opinions and Characters in the World, have appear'd on the same Subject before him.

Last Week there came abroad a certain Poem called the Weesils, *which several Persons were at first pleased to lay at my door, though now they are satisfied it was done by another Hand; the Author of it having since thought fit to own it publickly, and so to take care, that whatever Reputation or Scandal was to be gotten from such an undertaking, might not be carried away by a Stranger. However a certain nameless Rascal about the Town upon no better a ground, than the common Report, which yet the Fellow owns to be a common Liar, charges me with Writing it; And though in the beginning of his Libel, he cants about* the Gates of Mercy being always open, *and that excellent Rule of* not doing to others, what what we would not have done to our selves, *yet before he had fully informed himself of his Man, or the merits of the cause, he very honestly recommends it to the pious care of the Doctors Relations to get me knocked in the head for abusing his Lady; and at last tells the World that I am as proper a Person as any is in the three Kingdoms to be shewn at* Chirurgeons-Hall. *I am sorry for the Reader's sake, that this Malicious Wretch is of too mean and sordid a Character for me take him into my consideration; for otherwise, the Scribler might expect to receive a small cast of my old Office; and I assure him he should find to his own cost the heavines of my hand, if I were in humour to give my self the trouble of Jerking him. However before we part, I must tell him, that I have no reason as yet to be so weary of my life, as to desire to be deified af-*

ter Andrew Marvel's manner: Nor are my obligations to the City Physitians so very great, but that I could be content to see all of them Hanged, before they should ever come to learn Anatamy at the expence of my Tabernacle. If I must be sent to another World, I think 'tis but reasonable that it should be for something of my own, and not for the merits of another man; and therefore for this reason I was resolved to publish the ensuing Dialogue. What served to confirm me further in my resolution to print it, was because it having been transcribed by several hands contrary to promise and without my own consent, it cou'd not fail one time or other to steal abroad; and according to the common Apology that we Authors use to make in such cases, I was not willing, that what was design'd as a Satyr upon other men, should turn to be a Satyr upon my self.

I hope none of our Dissenters are so vain as to imagine that I won'd ever contribute to make them merry at the charges of any Member of the Established Church; If they please to turn over two or three leaves, I don't question but they'll be sensible enough, that I design'd no such matter; and to say the truth, if a man may guess at the hearts of a People by their Pamphlets and Coffee-house Conversation, one has all the reason in the World to conclude that they'll preserve the honour of Monarchy under this Reign, much after the same rate as they consulted the Security of the Protestant Religion under the last.

I was always of opinion, that nothing in the World is so ridiculous as a feeble, impotent Satyr, and that consideration perhaps has carried me sometimes into such heats as I will not pretend to excuse, tho it is easie enough to observe that I have often avoided to pursue my Reflections, even where there was a plausible occasion to do it. 'Tis as impossible now to retract what is done upon this score, as it would be foolish to implore the Reader's Candor to forgive it: But however as this is the first time I ever meddled with so nice a subject, so 'tis likely to be the last.

The Reasons of the *New Convert's* taking the *Oaths* to the Present Government.

In a Dialogue between Timothy, *and* Freeman.

Tim. WHo's that, my old Friend Mr. *Freeman, e Comitatu Bucks?* 'Tis the very same, I'll e'ne go and renew my Acquaintance with him. Dear Sir, your Humble Servant; how have you done this many a fair day, and how long have you been in Town?

Freeman. *But just come out of the Coach, as you may perceive, where it has been my misfortune to do Pennance all the way, in such intolerable Company, as never any Man was plagued with; Men of no Sense or Reason, yet Mighty Politicians, and ten times more troublesom.*

Tim. Than Damnation *Burgess*, when he's answering Cases of Conscience, or *Millington* at an Auction, or a *Scotchman* upon an occasional Sermon: But prethee who had you got with you?

Freem. *There was a venerable old Gentleman, that by the Courtesy of the late Reign, was made a Justice of Peace; and he was declaiming perpetually upon the Puissance and Heroical Vertues of* Louis le Grand, *whom he fancied to be as irresistible as the* Calvinist *Divines make God's Grace. Then there was a Leash of Country Attorneys, who took a great deal of care I heartily thank 'em, to stun me all the way with their damn'd*

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unintelligible Law-cases, which I had no more a mind to understand, than I have to learn, either the modern notions of Government, or the modern Systems of Theology. Lastly, to compleat my Misery, we had an ancient sage Matron in the Coach, and she with Tears in her Eyes, railed very devoutly at the lewdness of the present Age, occasioned by the Non-Resistance Doctrin of some Divines; I thank God, says she, I never practised it since I was Fourteen: And then she fell as severely upon the Miscarriages of the late Fornicating Admiral (as she called him,) as a She Tarpaulin, who has lost her only Husband in the Engagement.

Tim. A very pretty Consort I'faith. So I don't question but what between the Politicks of the Justice, and the Impertinence of your Lawyers, and the pious Ejaculations of your Female Companion, you found your self as uneasy, as a blundering Cit amongst the Verse-repeating *Beaux* of *Wills* Coffee-house, or the Chairman of a Committee amongst his Herd of Country Petitioners. But setting this Business aside, prithee tell me how thou hast done this long while, for unless I am mistaken, 'tis above three Years since we saw you last in Town.

Freem. Why truly Tim. *I live after my old laudable Custom still; sometimes I divert my self with a chearful Bottle, and sometimes, pass away an Hour or two with an honest old Author; for to say the truth, your new Gentlemen scarce deserve a Reading. I pay my Taxes without repining, do what good I can amongst my Neighbours, never trouble my self with other Mens businesses; and though the Duty I owe to their present Majesties will not permit me to talk so scandalously and disrespectfully of the two late Reigns, as some Hot-headed Sots have done, yet I am as well satisfied with the present Establishment, and as Zealous for the prosperity of Old* England, *as the forwardest Courtier, who has made his Fortune by the Revolution, and consequently is obliged to stand up for't as well upon the score of his interest as his choice. Thus I have answered your Question,*

ſtion, and now prithee let me know what News you have in Town.

Tim. A right Country Gentleman's Queſtion I'faith, for the firſt thing he generally asks you is, *What is the News?* As the Country Ladies when they come up to Town, enquire in the firſt place, *Which is the newest Play or Lampoon? Which is the Topping Miſtreſs of the Court, or the moſt faſhionable Suit of Ribbons at the* Exchange? Well then to ſatisfy your Curioſity, you muſt know that there has lately happened a very remakable Change or Converſion, (call it which you pleaſe) of a certain Perſon here in Town which no Body could ever have imagined or expected; and now I leave it to you, to conjecture what it is.

Freem. *A Converſion, and that a very remarkable one too! Why then I fancy* Tim. *that your Friend Mr.* Bay's *is returned to his Primitive Church.*

Tim. Nay the Lord knows, which it Mr. *Bay*'s Primitive Church; but prithee why doſt thou trouble thy head about a Poet's Religion? for as we ſay, a Beggar is never out of his way, ſo a Poet is never out of his Religion.

Freem. *Well then, a diſcarded Jacobite Captain turn'd an humble retailer of pickled Dutch Herrings and Brandy; the Diſcarded Reſter of Exeter, turn'd a Friend of Athanaſius; or the never to be forgotten Apoſtate turn'd a Defender of Paſſive Obedience?*

Tim. No.

Freem. *A Phyſician turn'd a Zealous Expounder of the Bible; or a Sworn Friend to Scotch Cloth, converted to Lawn Sleeves; Or a City Uſurer turn'd a Reſunder of his ill-gotten Eſtate?*

Tim. No.

Freem. *A Son of Slaughter at* White-Chappel *converted to the obſervation of Feſtivals; or an old inveterate Republican turn'd a Bitt Aſſertor of Monarchy?*

Tim. No, but you had beſt conſult Mr. *Ferguſon* to reſolve your laſt Queſtion.

Freem. *It*

Freem. *Is Dr.* Oates *reformed from his usual way of raskalling people, and return'd to the use of his Memory and good Manners on the sudden, or has that bloody Swearer refused to take the new Oaths?*

Tim. Why don't you know, that in a late Auction of Paintings there was a Picture of the Dr's to be seen, where he was represented like a Blackamore with a *Glocestershire* Parliament Man a washing him, in order to make him *rectus in Curia*, by the same token that it was called, *the Labor in vain?*

Freem. *Is the Red-fac'd Chaplain-maker of* Whitehal *reconcil'd to the choice of honest Divines and renounced taking mony for places. Or have any of the topping Sons of Schism by the Bribe of a good Deanry or Bishoprick been converted to the Liturgy?*

Tim. No, no, but hark you Friend of mine, you had best have a care what you say. Sons of Schism? Why, I tell you every man amongst them disowns the word, and say, that thanks to the new Laws, they are as much an established Church, as you know which was.

Freem. *Is there then no difference between tolerating and establishing? After this rate, the Bear-Garden and Play-house may all in good time pretend to be established Parliamentary Assemblies — But to go on; Is there any of the New Interpreters of* Daniel *and the Apocalyps converted to Sense and Reason? Or any of the Modern Comprehension-men converted to a good Opinion of the poor suffering Ceremonies of the Church?*

Tim. No, not a single Man among 'em as far as I can hear.

Freem. *To conclude then: Is the Vicar near* Charing-Cross *convinced there's not so much Bawdry in the Service of Matrimony as without it? Is any noted Socinian turn'd a Friend to Faith? Or any of the good people of* Doctors-Commons *to unlicensed Assertions? Is any fanatick Parlor turn'd a friend to Cleanliness? Any Court-Lady to plain Linnen, and no back-biting; any litigious Attorney to References and*

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Arbitrations? Any thrice married Widow to impotence? Any of the Town Criticks to Modesty? Or lastly, any Alderman that was begotten on a Bulk, to Heraldry and Pedigrees?

Tim. No, you have not hit the point after all.

Freem. *Why then the Devil take me, if I am able to guess what is the matter. To pursue this point any further, I find, would be as endless a piece of trouble, as to reckon up all the dull, stupid, senseless passages on the Conference at the Brasiers shop in* Long-Acre, *or in* Sh--dwel's *Panegyricks; or to give you a List of all Dr.* Pain's *pretended Reasons for Alterations, or all the Similies in the Plain Dealer. Therefore let me once for all intreat you dear* Tim. *to put me out of my pain, and let me know what mighty business it is you have to communicate.*

Tim. Prepare then with Reverence and Attention to receive what I am going about to deliver for; give me leave to tell you Sir, now we are nose inter nose the saying is, 'tis the most surprizing, unexpected piece of News you ever heard in all your Life.

Freem. *Lord! what a deal of insignificant flourish and preparation is here to usher in, it may be, but a foolish story at last? Why, by and by thou wilt persuade me, that the Monument last week took a pair of Oars to go and plead the Cities Cause against the Orphans at the Kings-Bench, or that the two old pasteboard Giants at Guildhal have laid their Heads together to confute* Baker's *Chronicle, or* Wood's Oxford *Antiquities.*

Tim. Nay, Sir, since I find you begin to be so much that must and all that, like Father *Teague* in the Play, when the outside of the door was put upon him, I am resolved to ease you of your trouble immediately. Know then for a certain truth, that one of the most celebrated Divines we have in Town (I must not give my self the trouble to name him to you) who has silenced the Papists, confounded the Independants, lately maul'd the Anti-trinitarians, and by his zealous performances for Passive Obedience,

dience has made little *Atwood* pass for a great Author, has at last upon mature consideration, and after a Year and halfs chewing the Cud upon the matter——

Freem. *Done what I prithee.*

Tim. Why, faced about to the right, and taken the Swear.

Freem. *And is all your mighty News, which you prefaced with so much show and Ceremonie, come to this sorry issue at last?* Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus. *To be plain with you, I am not at all surprised at what you have told me, I have heard of it before; but because I hate to be behind hand with you, or any body else, in lieu of your Domestick News, I'll acquaint you with a very remarkable Foreign Story.*

Tim. With all my heart, begin as soon as you please.

Freem. *A certain* Dutch *Grammarian, (no matter for his Name or Place of abode) in his Commentaries upon* Suetonius's *Lives of the Twelve* Cæsars, *when he comes to take the Emperor* Domitian *to task, who you knew took a strange pleasure in dragooning Prince* Belzebub's *Subjects, meaning the Flies, out of their Lives and Fortunes with his Royal Needle.*

Tim. Very well, I understand you.

Freem. *Wonders, in the name of God, how the Emperour cou'd ever find in his heart to butcher the poor Flies (in the* Pedant's *Dutch Latin, called* Vespas,) *after so barbarous a manner, since his own natural Father's Name was* Vespasian.

Tim. A very pretty edifying Story this, as I take it.

Freem. *At last he concludes with this observable Sentence,* Ingens est hoc profecto Mysterium, nec facile explicandum.

Tim. So Sir I am your very humble Servant; but you'll infinitely oblige me however, if you'll be pleased to think of making an application to your Story.

Freem. *Why then I must tell thee* Tim, *in plain downright English, that I wonder full as much, as the Dutchman did at the [illegible] Passage, that thou should'st ever have the [illegible] Conversion, as thou callest it, upon [illegible] strange piece of News: For to give you my Sen[illegible] for all upon this occasion, I rather wonder that it*

was

was so late before he reconciled himself to the Government, than that he was prevailed with to do it at all.

Tim. Nay, now I perceive you are in the humour of maintaining Paradoxes; for though you seem to make so slight of this News, yet give me leave to tell you, it has been matter of astonishment almost to every Body here about the Town. But may a Man be so happy as to hear you produce any Reasons for what you have said?

Freem. *Ay, with all my Heart. You must know then that several worthy Persons whom I could name to you, if there were any necessity for it, came immediatly after the Revolution, to advise with the Doctor in that exigence of affairs. Some of 'em he diswaded from taking the Oaths, and without question furnished 'em with his own Reasons for his Dissenting from the Government in that particular, and I don't hear that he ever sent for 'em to come in with him; but when others came to consult him about the very same business, he was pleased to say, that he would prescribe to no Bodies Conscience but his own; and so dismist them with bidding them use their own discretion in the matter.*

Tim. Well, and what of all this?

Freem. *Why, say I, any Man who could deliver himself so ambiguously upon a Question that so nearly concerned the Security of the Government, and the welfare as well as the Honour of the Established Church, either looked upon it not to be a thing of that importance, as it really is, or else had not fully determined his Sentiments either to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of it. I am of opinion, that nothing but the fear of incurring the guilt of Perjury, could excuse any Man from giving the Government so reasonable a satisfaction, as the taking the Oaths amounted to. Now that the Doctor was, not fully perswaded in his Conscience that there was any Perjury in such a Compliance, is very apparent as I think, from his advising the Gentlemen to make use of their own Discretion; which he would never have done, if he had really believed that so black and scandalous and Cowardly a sin, would be the necessary Consequence of it.*

Tim. Well then, Granting all you have said to be true, what advantage do you intend to make of it?

Freem. *That the Doctor considered the taking of the Oaths to be only an indifferent thing, and no more, which a Man might either do or not do, at his own pleasure; for otherwise it had been his Duty to dissuade all Persons who came to be advised by him, from Swearing. Now* Tim, *pray tell me what miracle is it for a Man to part with his opinion about an indifferent thing, when there's nothing but Scandal and poverty to be had in maintaining it still, and so much Interest and advantage to ballance him to the contrary side?*

Tim. To say the truth, there's no extraordinary Miracle in such a case. But then I would have you consider, dear Friend of mine, that the Doctor's Circumstances were perhaps clearly different from the Gentlemen's that came to consult him; and consequently what might be either lawful or expedient for them to do, might not be so lawful, at least so reputable for himself.

Freem. *Let me desire thee honest* Tim *to explain thy self a little farther about this same business.*

Tim. You know to what heights, or rather extremities the Doctor has all along carried the Doctrine of Passive Obedience; you know how stiffly and zealously he has asserted the *Jus Divinum* of Monarchy; and with what assiduity and pains he has combated the other Party, who fell upon different schemes and notions of Government. And therefore imagining that several passages in the late Revolution could not be well reconciled to what he had formerly preached, what wonder is it, if he could not at that time prevail with himself, to give his Assent?

Freem. *Nay, if that Reason is worth a Farthing, it holds as well now as it did the last Year.*

Tim. Prithee let me alone for a while, and afterwards say what you please——But then this Case, as I told you before, seems only particular to the Dr. for the other Gentlemen perhaps never preached or printed those Doctrins,

ctrins, which the Dr. has, or perhaps never believed a Syllable of 'em, as is evident some of their Brethren never did, who in several Treatises and Sermons that have been publish'd since the Abdication, pretend to assert abundance of things, that were not so very current Doctrin in the two late Reigns. And so the Dr. might excusably enough leave 'em to use their own discretion in the matter, since if they complied with the Government it wou'd contradict nothing which they formerly preached or believed. What may be the reason do you think why the Fanaticks are so loyally affected to their present Majesties; and were so easily brought over to renounce the last? All the World knows what a great deal of dutiful care they took to lull asleep the late King with their Addressing Opiates, and sacrificing their Lives and Fortunes to him, whenever he should have an occasion to make use of them. And yet among so numerous a Herd, unless a very few, and those *incognito*, none have scrupled to take the Oaths, altho you know they are a People that understand how to make the best of a Scruple of any men breathing. Their *Democratick* Principles are still the same, and their Sincerity to this Government has no better a foundation than what they pretended for the last. Therefore in short the business is this, besides the interest they perceived in crying up their Loyalty now, our last turn of Affairs could not but be very acceptable to those persons, who all along placed the Sovereign Power in the multitude; and made their Princes upon every Transgression and male-Administration in the State accountable to the People.

Freeman. *As for what concerns the Fanaticks I readily own. But then the other part of your Discourse,* Tim. *is not so well grounded as it ought to be. You say the Dr. might refuse to take the Oaths, because in doing so, he must run counter to several Principles, which he had formerly justified and asserted. Now if this be true, he's as much oblig'd at this present moment to dissent from the Government as at first. You say likewise that the Case of those Gentlemen, who consulted him about taking the Oaths, is very different from his; but this I take neither to be satisfactory nor solid. The Question is, whether what the Dr. has formerly preached or written, is the true Doctrin of the Church*

of England or no? If it is not, I am of opinion he's bound to make a solemn Retractation of it; and if it is, it obliged his Brethren, who came to advise him, equally with himself, altho they never preacht it, or publickly justified it in Print. For instance, here are two Clergy-men, one of 'em preaches against Oppression and Covetousness once a Month at least, and perhaps has appear'd in a Term-Catalogue upon that Subject; the other, we'll say, never medled with the point in all his Life: and yet you'll never conclude I suppose, that the latter has more pretence and plea to cheat the Poor, and trouble his Parish for a single Tithe-Pig than the former. After all, Tim. you seem to make the Dr's dissent rather to proceed from a nicety of Honour than a Principle of Conscience; for which piece of Service, I believe, he'll never return you his thanks: Now I wonder in my heart, that you sho'ld lay so great a stress upon that point, or admire to see one single Man be prevailed with at last to make a sacrifice of his Honour, (if even so much as his honour be concerned) when you see so many thousand People in the World, that make no scruple at all of sacrificing their Conscience.

Tim. But prithee wou'd not you have a man be careful to preserve his Character and Reputation in the World, and study to give as little scandal as may be?

Freem. *Ay without question, tho as the World goes, I don't think a Man Honour and Reputation are worth the while to be maintained at the expence of starving for 'em, and some people I cou'd name to you, wou'd scarce put that dangerous compliment upon their Religion, as to suffer any severe extremities for its sake. Besides, now you talk of Scandal, I question whether the Dr. has not given a great deal more Scandal by his late compliance with the Oaths, then then his former dissenting from 'em. Before he was generally considered as a person of Conscience and Honour, and now perhaps abundance of ill-natur'd People will allow him a share of neither. And what may serve to confirm 'em in such an opinion, is that the Dr's Conscience, which has for this long while lived among the Lawyers, has not been so uniform (if I may use the expression) as you imagine it first sight to be, or I cou'd have wished it had been.*

Tim. I wou'd desire to know how you make that out, Noble Sir?

Freem.

Freem. *I call that an Uniform Conscience*, Tim, *which proceeds regularly in all its Actions, and never does any thing in contradiction to its own Principles. Now let us see whether the Dr.'s conduct since our new Establishment of affairs can endure the test of this definition. Most Men will agree that the reason why the Dr. refused the Oaths, must be, because he apprehended it was sinful to take them; so then if the Dr. at the same time when he judged the taking the Oaths to be Sinful, nevertheless submitted to do another thing which was tantamount to taking 'em, how can you or any man else excuse him from acting quite contrary to his own principle?*

Tim. This is very true, I own, but however it is not enough to say so, unless you can prove it.

Freem. *I was in good hopes you would never give me the trouble to prove so plain a point. Did you never hear then, that when some of the Doctor's Council had found out a Loop-hole for him in the Act of Parliament to enable him to Preach at his Lecture in St. Dunstans', how he Prayed very heartily for both their Majesties by Name, when at the same time he could not prevail with his Conscience to Swear to 'em.*

Tim. Why prithee man, every Body in the Town knows that. The truth on't is, People discoursed very differently upon that occasion; but all his Friends, who at that time seemed to justify his Proceedings, were agreed that it was a different thing to pray for a Person, and Swear Allegiance to a Person; for you know the Apostle commands us, to pray for all men, but he no where commands us to Swear to all Men.

Freem. *This is a very miserable pitiful shift, as I take it, when it comes to be narrowly examined; for prithee tell me, honest* Tim, *what is it to Swear Allegiance to any Prince?*

Tim. To acknowledge in the presence of God Almighty that the Prince to whom I Swear, has a Lawful Title to the Throne he possesses; and consequently to my fidelity and Service, as far as the respective constitution of the Government, where I live commands it.

Freem. *Well then, and is not praying for a Prince, and recommending him with all his acknowledged Titles to the protection of God Almighty, the very same thing in effect with Swearing to him? I am sure it is, if your*

heart

heart goes along with your words; and a Church, as far as I understood the matter, is none of the fittest Places in the World for a man to prevaricate in. Besides Tim, *there's this remarkable difference between Swearing to a Prince, and praying for him, that you may perhaps have occasion to swear to him but once in your life, and that before very few Witnesses; whereas you are obliged to do the other once a Week at least, in the face of a very numerous and Solemn Assembly.*

Tim. But how do you know, Dear Friend, but this very same case which looks so intricate and perplexed at first sight, may be made to appear plausible enough with the help of two or three of the Doctors Distinctions?

Freem. *Nay let me conjecture you,* Tim, *to overwhelm me with no Distinctions as you love me; for the case is so very plain and obvious, that it will not admit of any. I am certain that, where there are two Controverted Titles, if my Conscience would not give me leave to Swear to a Prince, my Conscience would never permit me to pray for him publickly; and I am as sure, that if I could prevail with my Conscience to pray for him under the Title he assumes, and which this Person once controverted, I should never make any scruple of Swearing to him. The Apostle you tell me, commands us to pray for all Men, So we do, and for my own part I can pray very heartily for the* Grand Seignior, *the* Cham of Tartary, *or the* Great Mogul *without any remorse; but at the same time I can never pray for any of the aforesaid Monarchs as King of* England, *and so forth; or if I could, why then as I told you before* Tim, *I should make no question of testifying my acknowledgment of them by an Oath.*

Tim. That may be your Conscience perhaps, but it were as unreasonable to think that all People are acted by the same Conscience, as to imagine that all People pursue the same end, or think the same things, or are influenced by the same Motives. You see several Hundreds of Men flock every Sunday to Church, yet one man goes there to pick a Pocket, a Second to make an assignation with a Girl, a third to take a comfortable Nap, and a Fourth perhaps to hear Dr. Sh— contradict himself. Thus every man has his particular aim or design, and so it is in the business

of

of Conscience; a thousand men may do the same thing, and pretend their Conscience is interested in the doing of it, and yet every particular man's Conscience may proceed upon a different motive or *salvo*. As for an instance, let us examine the Case of swearing to this present Government. The Dissenters, of all sects and denominations, do it to be revenged on the Monarchy, and Passive Obedience; for, tho' the Protestant Religion is the Word with them now, it is not to be imagined, that those people, who shew'd so small a Concern for it in the late Reign, should heartily entertain any affectionate regard for its welfare in this. It won'd be too tedious a business to examine the grounds upon which all the rest have gone; yet you may be pleased to observe, that as all of them have embarqued their Conscience, more or less, in this affair, so generally speaking, every man's Conscience goes a different way to work; for Conscience is a very intricate thing, and oftentimes is influenc'd by very unaccountable considerations.

Freeman, *That Observation of yours is very true, and I could cite several famous modern Examples, to prove the truth of it, but shall at present only content my self with one of ancient standing. Is it not a strange thing, that* Pythagoras, *who had the reputation of a wise and learned Philosopher, should ever make it a matter of Conscience to refuse the eating of Beans; or that any of his Disciples should arrive to that prodigious degree of Stupidity, as to be Confessors for that sottish, unthinking, Bean-renouncing Doctrine? And yet we have one of their Names upon Record, who chose to undergo the punishment of the Rack, rather than gratifie the curiosity of a certain Tyrant so far, as to acquaint him with the true reason why* Pythagoras *forbad so innocent a Food, and at last very heroically bit off his Tongue, lest the extremity of his torment should oblige him to part with so profound a secret. Here was an odd whimsical sort of a Conscience, with a witness; and I believe you'll find it a hard task to meet with a Conscience in any of the Conventicles about the Town, that would suffer so much for its lawful Prince, as this poor fellow suffer'd*

for a Bean, and is very like the Conſcience of a certain perſon, who never ſaw his Cathedral, and yet took that care of his Dioceſs, as to prohibit 'em the eating of black Puddings, becauſe it ſeem'd to contradict St. Paul's *Admonition about Blood. But all this while, honeſt* Tim, *as I take it, we have diſcourſed beſides our matter, therefore to return to our firſt ſubject again, prithee tell me how the Dr's Converſion reliſhes with you here in the City.*

Tim. Why you know there are ſtore of malicious people in all Communities in the World, and theſe are hardly to be pleaſed. Indeed, as for the generality of the eſtabliſhed Church, they are well enough ſatisfied with his new Acquaintance with the Oaths, & don't at all queſtion, but that as he had leiſure and retirement enough to ſtudy the point, ſo he has at laſt complied upon very ſolid ſubſtantial grounds.

Freeman. *Well, but the Diſſenters, I hope, are very well ſatisfied with his coming over to us. They ſeem, you know, upon all occaſions to be very zealous and affectionate to their preſent Majeſties, by the ſame token, that by their good will they could be content to have all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom hanged out of the way, or* Dr-witted, *who refuſe to acknowledge them by taking the Oaths. Therefore, I ſhould think, it muſt needs rejoice the Hearts of all theſe worthy Patriots, to ſee a perſon of the Doctor's Learning and Character, lay aſide his former prejudices to our ſettlement, and voluntarily own it.*

Tim. No, no, you are quite miſtaken; the Diſſenters are Maſters of too good Memories, to be ever guilty of any Charity towards a Man, who had the boldneſs to touch the Copyhold of the Schiſm. They rail at him ten times more furiouſly than ever they did, and challenge him, if he dares, to reconcile his preſent compliance with his old muſty Notions of Paſſive Obedience; and then they ſay, they'l get *Enroclydon Baxter*, or one of the *Poultry* Divines, to reconcile *Tranſubſtantiation* to his *Preſervative againſt Popery*.

Freeman.

Freeman. *But are they all so inveterate? What, not one single man amongst the whole Herd, that congratulates the Government for the great Happiness of his Reduction?*

Tim. The only man I hear of, who has been pleased to testifie his Joy for this occasion, is that learned son of *Socinus*, Mr. *Thomas F----m---n* by name: He pretends, that the Doctor has effectually answered all his other Treatises, by taking the Oaths, excepting his late Book against the Anti-Trinitarians, and he comforts himself, that the Doctor will all in due time ruin the reputation of that piece; for, says he, the Dr. has got such a pretty way of answering his own Books, that 'tis a thousand pitties any one else should take the trouble out of his hands. Nay, I am inform'd (continues he) that when he took the Oaths, he desired to be sworn upon the Naked Gospel.

Freeman. *'Tis strange methinks that the Dissenters should be angry with the Dr. for what he has done: if their Zeal for the Government is real and sincere, which 'tis a Sin for us in the Country to question, I wonder why they should quarrel with him upon this score, since the influence of his Example, for all they know, may be serviceable to reduce the rest of his Brethren, who at present dissent from us.*

Tim. That does not signifie a farthing; for, besides their particular pique against the Dr. as he is a Member of the Established Church, they would have neither him, nor any one else who is not of their party, be thought Loyal: For all their former Bellowings and Cries against the Illegality of Monopolies, yet at present they would willingly engross all the little Honesty and Loyalty that is left in the Nation, into their own hands; though, by the By, their Loyalty is compounded of such cross, surly, ill-natur'd Ingredients, and is such an odd awkward sort of Loyalty, that for all I can see to the contrary, no Prince in *Christendome* is likely to be the better for it.

Freem. *A Diſſenter's Loyalty is like the officiouſneſs of a Rock at play, who only lends you Mony in order to your ruin. I pray Heaven it proves of long continuance, but for my own part, I am afraid it will laſt no longer, than they find their Religion (I mean their Intereſt) concerned in it.*

Tim. More than all this, they'l tell you, that we owe the Sunſhine of the Goſpel, and all the other Bleſſings of the late Revolution, intirely to their Diſcretion and State-principles; and, that if theſe impracticable Doctrines of the Church of *England*, concerning the Civil Magiſtrate, had taken place, we had by this time been utterly overwhelmed with *Popery* and *Slavery*.

Freem. *Why this is ten times over a more fulſome Plea than their pretenſions to Loyalty. They preſerve the* Proteſtant Religion? *Where, or how? or in what Reign, that we may ſee it regiſtred in our Almanacks? I am ſure they have contributed in all their pious Endeavours to make the Reformation as ſcandalous and deſpicable, as any of the Fathers of the Society could have done. They preſerved it after a fine rate, by their univerſal ſilence in the late Reign, and their little, low, abject applications to* Popery; *and now, when the Enemy is beaten out of the field, they make a great pother with a few Gleanings out of our own Authors, and pretend the Victory is owing to their Aſſiſtance and Conduct.*

Tim. Nay, the Diſſenters have not been wanting, even in this Reign, to do the Proteſtant Religion all the good ſervice they can. One of the Tribe, in his *Modeſt Enquiry*, as he called it, very modeſtly adviſed the Rabble to knock all the Clergymen in the Head. And another nameleſs Raſcal, in his *Reflections* upon the Miſcarriages of our Navy, that are printed by one of thoſe godly wholeſale Dealers in Scandal, thoſe ſcruple-ſelling Vermin of the *Poultry*, has this remarkable paſſage, *viz.* That there's more Virtue and Honour to be found among the Rabble than the Gentry: *Rabble* is likewiſe the word with their dear Brethren in *Scotland*, and you may gueſs what a brave Religion we ſhall

have

have of it at last, if we follow these blessed methods, and suffer it to be modell'd and fitted to the Inclinations of our judicious Rabble.

Freem. *Why prithee* Tim, *you need not give your self the trouble, at this time of day, to acquaint me with any of the laudable Qualities of the Dissenters, and especially of their Levites, as for instance, either with their wit, which never appears but in their Similes, and in interpreting the Prophets; or with their Charity, which is never extended beyond their own party; or with their Modesty, which is never visible, but when they wink in the Pulpit; or with their Sincerity, which never appears, but when they own themselves in their Prayers to be a pack of the damnedst Rogues in the World; or with their Learning, which never goes beyond a Dutch System, and a little Heraldry; or with their Sobriety, which is never admitted to keep them company at their pious* Friday *Entertainments; or with their Loyalty, which was never shown but by their promising to lend this King more Money than they could raise, and abusing the two last reigns; or lastly, with their Zeal against* Popery, *which is never to be proved, but by their continual Endeavours to undermine the Establish'd Church.---- But let me conjure you, dear* Tim, *to drop this nauseous fulsom subject, for, as I hope for mercy, I am as weary of it, as a Presbyterian Splitter of Cases is weary of a poor Brother, that constantly comes every* Sunday *with his dozen troublesome Scruples, to be resolv'd,* sub forma pauperis.

Tim. Thus you see, Sir, with what contempt and aversion the Dissenters in Town entertain the story of the Dr's Conversion; now give me leave to add a word or two more concerning them, and then I'll have done. You very well observe, that they pretend to have abundance of Zeal for Their present Majesties, so they do, & if you'l take their own words for it, they'l tell you, that no body keeps the Fasts, and Thanksgiving days with that Devotion as themselves have done. But for all this, dear Friend of mine, they are angry to see the number of the Kings Subjects increased, & if they see a Church-of-*England*-man come over to the Government,

ment, they immediately call him all the Rogues and Raſcals in the World: the Reaſon is plain, they'd willingly have His Majeſty ſerved by none but themſelves, and then they don't queſtion, to reduce the *French* King, and demoliſh *Popery* in due time. Beſides, if all the Church-of-*England*-men had taken the Oaths, they had loſt their dearly beloved Topick of railing at them, and I dare ſwear (ſo well am I acquainted with a Diſſenter's tenderneſs) they'd rather ſacrifice all the Princes in the Univerſe, than loſe the precious opportunity of libelling and railing. You are infinitely miſtaken, if you imagin, that the Biſhops would find better Quarter from the Fanaticks, if they ſhould ever take the Oaths; no, no, they pray, with all their Hearts, that they may refuſe the doing of it ſtill, for then they are in hopes to ſee their Order aboliſh'd, and their Revenues divided amongſt the Saints, *i. e.* their old *Oliverian* Leaſes come in play again: Of all which expectations they would be miſerably diſappointed, if thoſe immortal Patriots could prevail with themſelves to comply.

Freem. *I don't pitty the Dr. however, for being uſed after this unmerciful rate, by thoſe Sons of Schiſm; for, if it were my own caſe, I ſhould rather chuſe to put that ſanctified Generation to the expence of a little ſcandal, for my ſake, than a little flattery; and rather accept of their Reproaches, which are excellent in their kind, than of their Inſtance, which is the naſtieſt courſeſt ſtuff in the World. 'Tis well enough with him, ſo long as his own Brethren are ſatisfied, as you have before informed me, with the Honeſty of his proceedings; or, if they were not at firſt, I don't queſtion, but the Reaſons he has publiſhed for his own defence, carry ſo much ſtrength and ſolidity with 'em, as to ſatisfie all the reaſonable part of Mankind as to that particular.*

Tim. Why there you are miſtaken, dear Friend of mine; for tho' the Dr has condeſcended to acquaint the World in publick with the Reaſons of his Converſion, yet he has not been ſo happy as to ſatisfie all People.

Freem.

Freem. *Who could ever expect that? 'Tis an impossible thing you know to do it; but however I am glad the Dr. has published his Reasons, for otherwise I should have bin a little angry with him. For, could he dissent, from the Government above a year and half, and by his Example hinder so many Country Parsons from taking the Oaths, and keeping their Livings, and yet refuse the World so slender a satisfaction, as to let 'em see the motives of his Change? I ever thought, that so inconsiderable a piece of trouble was due to his own Reputation and Credit, as well as the further instruction of his younger Brethren of the Clergy, who I am afraid little consider'd the merits of the Cause, but rather what a brave thing it was to be thought of the Dr's Company, and embarqued in the Dr's Quarrel, and now have nothing else left 'em to do, but to starve with as much decency as they can, and to curse the expensiveness of their Vanity and Loyalty.*

Tim. All this you and I cannot possibly help, and therefore 'tis a great piece of Nonsence for us to talk of it any longer, only thus much I must add, That in my opinion too, the Dr. lay under all the Obligations in the World, to make the true Occasions of his late Reconcilement publick. 'Tis a Debt which was due to the Interest he now espouses, no less then the Party he has forsaken, some of which, as you say, the Temptation of being thought of his Acquaintance or Judgment, has reduced to their present mortifying necessities. And therefore this being so necessary a Debt, as well in regard to himself, as the rest of the World, I always persuade my self, that the Dr. would take care to acquit it as soon as ever he has got his Reasons ready.

Freem. *Got his Reasons ready do you say? That's a Jest with all my heart, as if a man of the* Drs *learning and experience in the world, after so long a time too, to examine all the niceties of the Case, could suffer himself to be ingaged in an affair, to which he formerly expressed so incurable an aversion, without having his Reasons ready by him. Nothing but either pride (which I would be loath to suspect in a person of his mortified Character) or the weakness of his Cause could engage him*

to

to act only on the Defensive part. 'Tis a hundred to one, but a man's Adversary may say something or other, which will lye a little obnoxious to Censure and Exception; so 'tis but falling without any more ado, upon the Authors blind side, and the business is soon over. There are a thousand ways for a man of any tolerable discretion to put by his Enemy's Thrust when he is attacqued; nay, 'tis possible too he may come off with the better on't, especially if the man he has to dealt with, plays open, and lies unguarded in any part. And therefore if this had been the Dr's policy, I should have thought the worse of his skill in Polemics, as long as I lived. I remember I was once in a Coffee-house in the Country, where we happened to be talking of the Dr's coming over to the Government; and a Gentleman in the room was pleased to say, he was of opinion, That the Doctor had got his Reasons ready, much after the same rate as a Country Innkeeper, whom he knew, got a poor fellow's Porcupine ready.

Tim. Prithee what story is that, for, to the best of my knowledg, I never heard of it before?

Freem. *Nay, the story is entertaining enough, that I can assure you, and perhaps will deserve your attention. You must understand then, that a certain Fellow, here about the Town, who gets a sorry livelihood by carrying some outlandish Beasts about the Country with him, and shewing 'em for pence a piece to the people, had by chance brought a Porcupine, the only support he had left him in the World, to an Inn where this Gentleman was acquainted; the next morning he calls the Innkeeper to him, and thus accosts him: 'Landlord, says he, I must beg one favour of you, and that 'is; to get my Porcupine and Room ready by Eleven of the 'Clock precisely, and in the mean time I'll step into the Town, to see what company I can pick up.*

Tim. Very well, sir, pray proceed.

Freem. *Away goes the Fellow into the Town, and for a while stares about him, to observe all the Curiosities of the place; towards Ten, he makes a solemn proclamation of his Porcupine, and so musters up as much company as he thought would defray the Expences of the Show for that time, and carries 'em to his Inn.*

Tim.

Tim. Well, I mightily long to hear the issue of your Porcupine.

Freem. *When the Fellow was got into his Room at the Inn, he knocks for the Landlord, and asks him whether he had got his Porcupine ready? Ay Sir, that I have replies the Landlord, I hate to be worse than my word to any man, but I must desire you, Sir, that you'll be pleased to tell me what Sawce you'l have for him.*

Tim. Why, what a Devil did he mean by that question?

Freem. *You shall hear. Cry's the Master of the Porcupine, You Rascal, what do you intend by asking me what Sawce I'de have for him? Nay, no harm in the World, says the man of the House; you ordered me to get the Porcupine ready for you by Eleven, and so I have, for I gave directions to the Maid to put him in the pot immediately; but Sir, says he, I never boil'd a Porcupine in my Life before, and therefore must once more request you to let me know what Sawce your Worship will order for him.*

Tim. The poor fellow without question looked very simply upon the matter, to hear his Livelihood was boil'd away so unluckily in one morning. And now to come close to you, noble Friend of mine, Was it the Opinion of your Gentleman then, that the Dr's Reasons were boil'd away like the Growler's Porcupine, so that there was no procuring a sight of any of them? You see how much he was mistaken in his Judgment. The Dr. (as I have told you) has been pleased to oblige the World with his Reasons; you may have them at any Bookseller's Shop in Town, but I cannot forbear to tell you, that there was never any Book since the days of the *Hind* and *Panther*, or the *Letter to a Dissenter*, that has been so universally pelted as this: Lawyers and Divines, *Jacobites* and *Williamites*, though they agreed in nothing else, yet they have all of 'em agreed to mawl this unfortunate Book. Nay, some of our City Prentices and puny Scriblers have had the hardiness to rise against it, only to make experiment of their Talents, as

School-boys use to try their Knives, by running them up to the Hilts in a hot Bag-pudding.

Freem. *Say you so Tim? 'Tis, I confess, somewhat odd, but who can help it. Come then, since the Dr. has had such ill luck with his Reasons, & you and I have no other business now upon our hands, prithee let us invent some plausible specious Reasons for his Conversion, they'l help to pass away t'other Bottle, and t'other hour, well enough, and perhaps they'l serve to amuse the World, and entertain the Reader, as well as some of his own.*

Tim. No sir, I desire you to excuse your humble Servant as to this Affair; I'll never invent any Reasons for another man, not I, I promise you, he may even do it himself if he pleases; 'tis a very ungrateful performance let me tell you, and generally the person whom you intend to oblige by this kind of Office, will hold himself as little beholden to you, as a man in the state of Cuckoldom, for giving him four and fifty Reasons to support himself under his Afflictions: But what will serve the turn full as well, to put off half an hour or so of Conversation, I will acquaint you with the several reasons, that people here in Town, of all sorts and parties, have already assigned for his Conversion. At the same time I must tell you, that as I don't believe them altogether my self, so I would never oblige you or any man besides to place any great assurance in the truth of them.

Freem. *Come then honest* Tim, *and begin as soon as you will, for I can assure you, 'twill be no small diversion to your Friend here, who is just come out of the Country.*

Tim. Nay, sir, not altogether so fast, I beseech you. I design my self a little more sport and pastime than you imagin, and since you have so admirable a talent at conjecturing, &c. I am resolved to keep your hand in play, and put you to the trouble of guessing what they are.

Freem. *Well then, since you'l have it so, I'll dispatch them out of hand; but however, before I make any trial of my noble Faculty, I must desire you to remember, how that at the beginning of our Conference, when you told me of the Dr's Conversion, I look-*

ed

ed upon it as no Miracle, and that for these two following weighty reasons. In the first place, because when some Gentlemen came to advise with him about that matter, he civilly referred them to their own discretion, which I supposed he would never have done, if he had been fully satisfied, that the taking the Oaths was a Sin, or had looked upon it to be any thing more than an indifferent Action. In the next place, because the Dr. had long ago prayed for Their present Majesties; which is virtually, and in effect, the same thing with swearing to them; and if it is a Sin to swear to a Prince, where the Title is controverted, and under dispute, I am sure it must be the very same thing to pray for him. Now then Tim, since I was so bold as to make the Dr's Conversion no miracle at all, you are not to expect that I should assign any miraculous Reasons for it, but onely such as are frequent and common in the World; so I will begin with that which ever since the Creation of the World has had a mighty influence upon men of all Countries, and Degrees, and Religions. The greater part of Mankind, and especially our Dissenters at home, love to christen it by the name of Conscience, but for my part, the best English word I think we have for it, is INTEREST. What think you of this now?

Tim. To say the truth, there are abundance of ill-affected men about the Town, that have trumped that unlucky Card upon the Dr. but for my part, I don't believe it had any great share in his Reconciliation to the Government. Therefore you had best guess again.

Freem. Nay, but prithee consider, dear Tim, what a lovely charming thing this same Interest is, before we shut our hands of it: it has all the ear-marks of Love, and Love, you know, works little less than Miracles. It conquers the Young, and the Old are not able to withstand its Almightyship: it makes those that can see, as blind as so many Beetles, and as for those that are blind, why 'tis the best Oculist in the World, and recovers their Eyesight to all intents and purposes.

Tim. No, no, all this shall not pass upon me I'll assure you.

Freem. Have a care Tim, *I advise you, what you say against Five hundred pounds* per annum, *name it you Rogue with fear and reverence, and fall down upon your knees when you hear it mention'd in Company; Five hundred pounds a year is not to be spoken scandalously of, honest* Tim, *it will buy a Coach and a pair of Sunday-horses, it will purchase Petticoats and Commodes, the Polyglot and Councils, and half the Non-Resistance in Christendom, with abundance of other fine things, too tedious to be reckoned up.*

Tim. Thou keepest as great a pother here with thy Interest, as a scribling Courtier with his last Lampoon, or a School-philosopher with his newest set of Distinctions, or what is equally as impertinent as a Country Fidler with his newest set of Tunes. But I can tell you for your comfort, that if you do not guess better at your second Essay, than you have done at your first, you are not in any great probability of finding out the Secret.

Freem. To proceed then, is the Dr. brought to a better Opinion of the Abdication, or does he go altogether upon the merits of Forfaulture?

Tim. No, I suppose he does not, for if he does, the Lord have mercy, say I, upon all his poor Passive Obedience.

Freem. Why other people, Tim, *have Store of Passive Obedience about them, as well as the Dr. and yet they dont apprehend that it is a Farthing the worse, or that they have broke it at all. Suppose* Tim *you should find occasion, for Reasons best known to your self, to remove a Bag of your Money from one Goldsmith to another of better Reputation, would you not break that fellows Head, who should have the impudence to tell you, you had broke your word? Even so in the business of Passive Obedience, the Dr. and some of his Brethren, have only transferr'd it from K.* James's *hands, who, you know, is broke and run'd, and a Statute of Bankrupt has passed against him in Parliament, to K.* William, *who can give them better Security for it: and Passive Obedience, I can tell you, will*

be

be no acceptable to any Prince in Europe, *as a good sum of Money to a Banker.*

Tim. Well, but this is not the point still, to try again.

Freem. *Is the Dr. then reconciled to us by that verse in the* Psalms, The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.

Tim. Why *No* is the word still; for I suppose, that that Text proves more than the Question, and besides would serve a *John* of *Leyden*'s turn as well as any ones else.

Freem. *But where there's a plain Conquest and an honest Cause, as well as a legal Title to support the Conquest, that I believe cannot fail to make a Convert. Come tell me now, have I hit upon the true reason or no?*

Tim. For your satisfaction, sir, you are come pretty nigh the point, or else some of the Dr.'s Friends have misinformed me as to this particular; though to say the truth, this reason was every whit as good all the last year, as it is at this present moment, and I don't see that the reduction of *Ireland* has made it the better.

Freem. *Now we talk of* Ireland, *what say you, if the Dr. was resolved to hold out till the taking of* Dublin, *and to surrender himself immediately when the place was surrendred.*

Tim. All I can say to the Question, is, That the Dr. then may be retaken from us again, for alas, sir, all the World can tell you, that *Dublin* is a place of no considerable strength, and cannot hold out long against any Enemy, especially if he have a Female friend in the Garrison.—— But, sir, you have not as yet had the good fortune to light upon the most material motive, that makes the greatest bustle about the Town, therefore once more make use of your divining faculty.

Freem. *No, I heartily thank thee, dear* Tim, *I shall pump my imagination no more for the matter; I think I have drudged long enough in all conscience to find it out and to employ my brains backward and forward any longer upon this occasion, would be as wise a piece of trouble, as to lye waking all the night in one's Bed, only to hear how the City-Weatherglasses, the Watchmen, vary every hour, in their bellowing out of Rain, Frost, and Moon-*

shine.

shine. Why, prithee Tim, *what dost thou take me for, a Prophet, or a Conjurer?*

Tim. For neither I swear; but tell me seriously, dost thou not know what thing it is that baffles Heroes, spoils Divines, turns the greatest Princes into Milksops, makes Admirals lower their bloody Flags, and in fine, breaks all Obligations, and governs all Mankind?

Freem. *Why Interest I told you.*

Tim. And what does Interest, meer Interest only do all this?

Freem. *Why then 'tis Conscience, I say.*

Tim. Conscienee do you say? why just now Conscience, you told me, was but another English word for Interest. And does nothing but bare Conscience (which *Adoniram Byfield* of blessed Memory, defined to be a Cat-skin pouch to put Mony in) or bare Interest do all these fine things, which I just now mentioned to you.

Freem. *Why then 'tis a Coach and six Horses I tell you, and nothing in the World else that I can fancy; for, you know, a Coach and Six, was Bishop* Parker's *best Body of Divinity.*

Tim. Worse and worse 'faith. And does a Coach and six Horses baffle *Heroes*, spoil Divines, and make Milksops of Princes? Come, consider I say once more upon the point, for 'tis impossible to miss it.

Freem. *No* Tim, *pray excuse me; you see I have no tolerarable luck at guessing to day; and besides, to tell you the truth, I hate this slavish piece of Drudgery, as heartily as Sir* Will. Tem--- *in his last Essays tells us, he hates good honest Drollery, as a Bookseller hates an un-selling Author, or a* Jacobite *Printer does a surly Messenger of the Press.*

Tim. Say you so sir? Nay, then I am resolved to lay it out so open to you, that you must of necessity perceive it. Dost not thou understand the meaning of the Italian proverb, *Piu tira un pelo di donna, che cento carra di bovi.*

Freem. *Not I* Tim, *I no more understand the difference between* Italian *and* Arabick, *than that learned Protestant Critick Mr.* Rymer *knows the difference between the name of* Callimachus *and* Epimenides.

Tim.

Tim. Come then, wert thou ever married, my honeſt friend? Ha! what ſayeſt thou?

Freem. *No ſir, I bleſs Providence for it.*

Tim. Not married ſay you? poor Rogue, thou art unacquainted I perceive with the damn'd perſecution of a Curtain-Lecture. Oh! dull, dull ſtill; I can't imagin how to cure this ſtupidity of thine, thou art ten times duller than one of *Sh---dwell*'s men of ſence, or a Simile without a Sting, or an Expounder of the Revelations, at the finding out ſtoln Silver-Spoons, or an old dozed fellow of a Houſe at the ingenious ſport of Queſtions and Commands.

Freem. *Why, I cannot help all this,* Tim; *if my Stars made me ſo, it was their fault, not mine.*

Tim. Once more then I'll endeavour to relieve the weakneſs of thy Apprehenſion, therefore liſten to the following Rhimes about *Adam* and *Eve.*

When Eve *the Fruit had taſted,*
She to her Husband haſted,
And chuck'd him on the Chin-a;
Dear Bud (quoth ſhe) come taſte this Fruit,
'Twill finely with your palate ſuit,
To eat it is no ſin-a.

Doſt thou now comprehend my Meaning?

Freem. *No, ſaith* Tim, *I am in the dark ſtill; you have made me no wiſer with your dull Story of* Adam *and* Eve, *than you would make a* Cheapſide *Tradeſman, by telling him, that an Obſtacle is an Impediment; or a walking* Oxford-*Dun, that Motion is an Action from the* Terminus a Quo *of his Habitation, to the* Terminus ad quem *of the Refectory.*

Tim. Nay then, I am ſenſible thou art full as ſlow of Apprehenſion as the famous *Jerry Blackaire* in the Play. I have but one trick left to bring you to't at laſt, and if that fail, I muſt even ſerve thee as a ſtale City-wife ſerves her dull ruſtick Prentice, when ſhe has a mind to make him underſtand

stand her virtuous inclinations; that is, I must needs name the thing to thee in plain downright broad English. But listen prithee;

As steady Job, in shirtless case,
With Collyflowers all o're his Face,
Did on the Dunghill languish,
His Spouse thus whispers in his Ear,
Swear Husband, as you love me, Swear,
Twill ease you of your anguish.

Freem. *Oh ho! now I begin to smell a Rat; your meaning is, That the Dr. has been brought to swear at last through the vertue of a few Conjugal Sollicitations; is it not so, Tim?*

Tim. Of a few Conjugal Sollicitations do you say? No, I am afraid there were abundance of them used in the present case. — Well, dear Friend of mine, not to be tedious with you, I must tell you, that you have made a shift at last to hit my meaning. However, I would not have you report this matter as from me, though I can safely wash my hands from the Guilt of inventing it, and all the Town will do me the Justice, to own, that 'tis a common Story, and no more a Secret than the Mole on the Rector of *Exeter*'s Foot. Besides, you are desired not to lay too great a stress upon the truth of it, but to follow that Advice, which the Dr. you know gave upon another account, and is to make use of your own Discretion. Farewell.